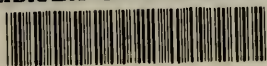


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# America

BY

J. E. KLINGBERG

NEW BRITAIN, - - - CONNECTICUT

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# America

★ ★ ★

PRO PATRIA

THEY thought in Europe that this country fair  
Was dreamland only and its laws were air;  
They had not felt what in our bosom dwells,  
Or heard the sound of Freedom's silver bells.  
But now they know and fully understand  
That the American is their truest friend  
And that our country, although firm as steel,  
Is not a tyrant with an iron heel  
To crush the life of Truth and Innocence,  
But to give justice and to right defense.  
Old England could not see in days of yore  
Why Pilgrims left their own ancestral shore  
For this great continent, in those days new,  
Without the aid of kings, in numbers few;  
But now it's clear to every English mind  
That it was surely best for all mankind.  
Erase, O England, from thy hist'ry's page  
The words of sneer you wrote in bygone age.  
And stretch thy hand across the roaring sea  
To us, a race new-born, yet strong and free,  
And let us feel thy grip of friendship true,  
Our heart's affection we will give you too;  
Each other then we understand at last,  
Look forward, England, and forget the past!  
America, Queen of golden west, thy name  
Shall travel swiftly on the wings of fame,  
And all the world shall write thy deeds in stone  
From mighty Wilson back to Washington;  
Thy Stars and Stripes in heaven's light unfurled,  
Shall speak of freedom to a panting world;  
Thy ships shall leave our shores with golden grain

Gift

Author

And with much treasured wealth return again.  
And yet thy wealth is not alone in gold,  
But in the character of finest mould  
That sons and daughters of thy race can show  
In words and actions true where'er they go.  
Thy future hope build on the rock of Truth,  
And teach each maiden and each manly youth  
That Justice only can forever stand  
And give protection to their fatherland;  
Destroy all evil and all selfish greed,  
Protect the weak and be their friend in need.  
It seems that Providence appointed you  
To break the fetters of the slave and to  
Proclaim to nations, whether great or small,  
That there is happiness and room for all  
Upon this globe, and with the weapons bright  
Defend that sacred truth, that right is might;  
And to the nations tranquil peace restore  
And do away with wars for evermore.  
This is thy work, a real gigantic task,  
But you can do it. Tear away the mask  
Of secret statesmanship that there may be  
Another era ruled by honesty  
When honest men will honest work perform,  
And justice rule, and hatred's cankerworm  
Be hurled with force into the darkest deep,  
Where evil spirits shall forever weep  
Without the flowing tears that oft renew  
The aching heart with fresh consoling dew.  
And when this work is finished every tongue  
Will join in singing an immortal song,  
A song as mighty as Niagara's wave  
That will resound in every mount and cave:  
The sun shall rise upon a new-born race  
And in eternal light the world embrace;  
The earth will celebrate her jubilee  
And holy angels shall our gladness see;  
And from His throne on heaven's shining shore  
Our God will smile upon the earth once more.

J. E. KLINGBERG.

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